

Season's Greetings

Free Beer Press

NOV/DEC

#5

LETTER FROM AMERICA:
PIG BOY QUITS!

* CREAM FOR THE CAFFINE GENERATION *

O.K., I lied... but I wanted to make a point. I'm sick of all the poop that Dr. D. throws in here. He's a malicious, petty, demeaning, & generally unsavory. Nuts in the cookie jar, forks in cocks, puke in shoes, bust enlargers, blow jobs in restaurants... Do we really need a sperm count from him every issue? Someone should get this guy a vacuum cleaner for Christmas. I'm sure he could use the auction...

& then theres this hippy chick, Cherry Magdaline. Swilling chesp wine & running over innocent bicyclists... Indeed, Joey Ramone is a zero. & a losey drunk, too. I don't wanna here no more about it...

I'm sure we've all seen the dangerous surge of ageing long-hairs suddenly wearing polo shirts & alligator monograms... The alarming mustache brigade must be stopped before we all wander paunchey & bare-footed... Were are those diet pills when you really need them...

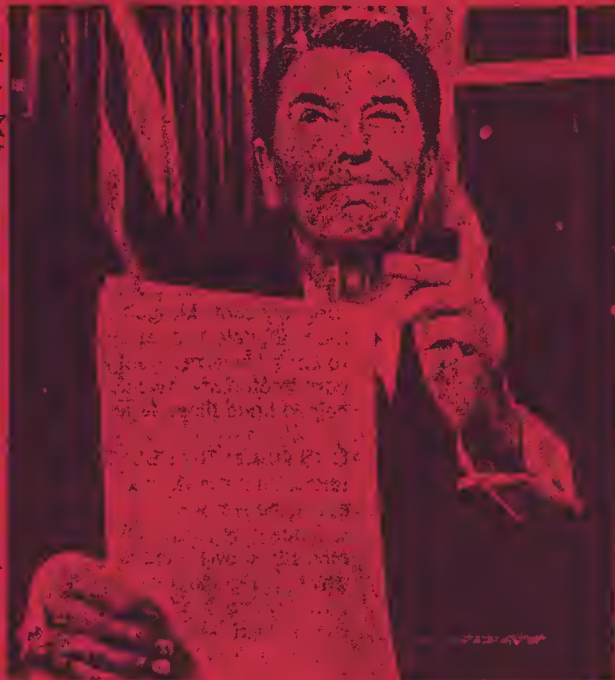
It has been reported that for their recent KAZOO appearances, Discharge wanted all concert goers to submit to a urine analysis before entry... Gotta keep out the unclean smong us... That includes you Lite beer drinkers & low tar smokers, too, so don't ask...

Larry Flynt has recently released a video tape of him having carnal knowledge with an over-ripe vegetable. The unnamed vegetable is the leader of a large Western government based in Washington, D.C... Larry claims the vegetable will order the invasion of a small Caribbean island-nation unless every man woman & child buys a copy of Hustler magazine every month... Damn those home movies...

Yes, Rebecca, it has been a long time since the Free Beer boys & girls went to press. I been walkin around with a loaded pen in my pocket for weeks waiting to tell you that Olivia Newton John is really terrific after all... Check her greatest hits collection & you'll be ooing & ahhing just like Shenna Easton who sounds a lot like Olivia... You can, too. "Theres no one at home, but you'r not alone-" YIKES! Check under the bed, child...

Does anyone in this town have stereo speakers that work? Not just one- but both of 'em... Nobody I know does. One cool gal I know simply removed the cracked woofer & left the work up to the twceter... Everything came out sounding like tin pan alley. Even the speakers in my car are shot. WMFI comes out sounding like gravel going through a fan... You can imagine how Bonnie Tyler sounds. Total Eclipse Of The Ear Lobe... & Hey, Kids! It ain't cool to carry broken ghetto blasters around... I don't care what yo Momma told ya...

Why do people keep writting us asking for advise? Must we print you'r Q's & our A's for everyone to snicker at or will you please include return postage for private counseling...? Hmmm?...



"I support world peace through mass annihilation."

FREE BEER TOP TEN

1. **STRANGE FRUIT**- 'On Top Of The Hill': Make a sandwich & turn the lights out. This record will make you change yer hair-do.
2. **THE STATE**- 'Girl Violence': Don't ever hit a bitch! Turn the stove off and open the windows.
3. **T-SNAKES**- 'Betrayed By the Rhythm Of You': Call it disco, call it bouyant harrassment. I call it woonderva! Available soon. I hope.
4. **MERL HAGGARD**- 'What Am I Gonna Do For The Rest Of My Life?': Oh, I don't know. How bout another song this good?
5. **ALICE COOPER**- 'Dyslexia': Peter Tosh meets Gary Nueman? Maybe. Lets just say that there are no holes in Alice's line of scrimmage. (White punts on dope?)
6. **ALTERED IMAGES**- 'Don't Talk To Me About Love': Clare Grogan is a satellite. Wanna get married?
7. **THE GYNECOLOGISTS**- 'Infant Doe': Whatta beast! Space-gravel vocals, atomic thrash-thunk delivery, and lyrics worthy of the Bard. See your doctor.
8. **CHARLEY PRIDE**- 'Night Games': Wow! Better than Monopoly! Support forced busing.
9. **DOLLY PARTON & KENNY ROGERS**- 'Islands In The Stream': The kowpie doll did this jerk a favor by letting him in on this one. Bomb bass-line. Uh huh!
10. **BLUE SPOTS**- 'I Always Miss': The Mets of rock&roll finally hit a home run. But whose on first?
11. **SCOOTER & THE WORMS**- 'Nice Night': Pat Boone meets DeSade. Good muzak for torture chambers and/or bludgeoning a loved one. Now how bout a nice Hawaiian punch?

& listen, all you yahoo bands out there- if you wanna get in on our first ever "Basement Tapes" feature ya better get those cassettes in the mail... We've already got some real weirdos- don't get left out... & that reminds me: sorry if you sent us sumpin in the mail & it was returned to you. We either received a bomb at the P.O. box or we forgot to pay the rent on it. Take your pick...

Our attorney has advised us not to discuss it but we can say that the managing editor of a copy-cat paper called The Detroit Free Press

* GIRL VIOLENCE?

Hey chicks, can you relate? You're twelve minutes late to work, racing down the road at a zippy 25 miles an hour 'cuz your boyfriend (who's pants you've repaired 700 times) hasn't managed to give you a tune-up yet. At the fifth red light you glance down and discover your dental hygenist/ nurses whites are red. Your period (goddamnit and thank you Jesus) is finally here. You know the feeling. (Is it any wonder we drink?) No man/boy knows the feeling. So the next time your erstwhile mechanic begs for head, shove this in his face. Or maybe up his ass.

* VIDEO BITCHES IN HEAT

According to sources According to a source who's been close to her, Nina 'arf arf' Blackwood, of Video Pukc-box fame, wears her bangs ala sheep pup because she's got 'acne so bad it'd make a leper vommy.' Thanks for this info, Dr. D!

nina manina fido

(Sure, fido, now here's another hot scoop: your fired. Arf arf)

-D.D

NEW
P.O.

FBP
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49083

--- STAND UP AND
URINATE!!!! ---

has accused us of being a fly-in-the-soup... Must we pander to such unsportsman like conduct? We hope to settle out of court...

Don't forget our weekly viewing party at the Green Top (next to Kalamazoo Fisheries!!) every Friday... Dallas starts at 9:00... 40 cent drafts ALL NIGHT!! Buckwheat buys his by the bowl...



GALAXY-GROOVER

Hey, Merry Christmas everybody! Sure, I know we've been away awhile and you've no doubt missed the hell out of us. But fear not--we're back and you can count on us to come thru every month with the usual worthless garbage you've come to know and love. But right now, here's a few gift ideas for that hard to buy for goon in your life. Like yerself.

THE ROLLING STONES, UNDERCOVER—Lets screw the history, you already know it. There's nothing else to say about Charlie & the boys that hasn't already been said so lets just start by saying that this new black pancake smokes the shit outta 'Tattoo You,' which was ONE LIMP PLATTER. Sure, I got nothin' against waitin' on a friend, I just hope they're dark and tough and have a few good pills. AND I DON'T MEAN DOWNERS. Yeah, I suppose 'Start Me Up' was a good single but it was so damn accessible that I don't even need to hear it again, least not till I'm 53 and wearing tampons. 'Undercover of the Night,' on the other hand, is such an unlikely single that people are already screaming 'Suck City!' That's cuz this sucker is so complicated that ya gotta search for the damn hook. But then I should say hooks, cuz there's a bunch of 'em in there, along with some Jackson's 'doo doo doos,' cool funk bass, and some rhino-revenge guitar. Like, I mean, it's hot. Which brings us to 'She Was Hot,' which sounds like it coulda been on 'Exile On Main Street,' what with its multi-layered vocals, warm piano, and over-all SINCERE FEEL. I mean, you believe 'em. Flip the bitch and ya got 'Too Much Blood,' one of the best Stones songs in mucho albs. Hell, even the Texas Chainsaw Massacre gets a mention! Then ya got 'Pretty Beat Up,' a great number that sounds like the story of my employment record. Add to that 'It Must Have Been Hell' (a 'Shattered' for the world) and you've got the meanest, dirtiest, most FULLY REALIZED Stones album in years. Sweet Virginia would be proud.

THE KAZOO BROTHERS, Sheesh. The only thing good about this record is that it's sooo bad. 8000 kazooes wandering and blaring into stupid space. This paint-peeler is perfect for nosey mother-in-laws, snotty little brothers, and autistic skinheads. Rhino records should be ashamed for ever releasing this mung. (And you Jeff should be ashamed of ever turning me on to it. Oh well, at least now I know what to get you. Rooty toot toot!)

THE MASTER TAPE VOL. 2, VARIOUS ARTIST—This is it folks, the big one. The midwest's first all-gay punk compilation! Sure, the sick silver cover smells of Blue Spots, but hey, there's a bossmatic drawing of alotta people grabbing, rubbing, jumping all over, and clutching at each other. And hey, if you don't mind that they're ALL MALE, neither do I.

Violent Apathy—Leave it to these lunk-heads to start with the best, it's gotta go downhill from here. 'Society Rules,' and 'Des-paration Takes Hold' are top-notch (despite the 3rd grade lyrics) and why these cheap bastards don't put out their own rec is anybody's guess. Too much Pepsi?

Malignant Growth—Alright! No punk posing, no corny lyrics. Like, ah, real feelings. Kinda Circle Jerkish, and 'Killing Time' is worth a second opinion.

Idiot Savants—The words anit horrible but the music blows. Fuck school. Only assholes go.

Sand In The Face—'Teenage Life,' just like the other kind, is what you make it. If it sucks, you probably do to. 'I Wanna Be Dead,' though, breaks major glass. More!

Poison Center—Oh poop! Nobody wants my tiny white cock! How do you say 'sour grapes' in french?

Sacred Order—No comment on 'Hate Them Now's lyrics, but 'I Just Do' ('I don't drink, I just puke') is a groovy little life-explainer. A real rap-smear.

No Labels—Nope, none here. Next!

Front Line—One of yer uglier bands, these guys sound like Huey, Dewey, & Louie on amil nitrate. How do you spell 'typical'?

End Result—Some call this art. I call it total horseshit. Music for wrist-scarred neurotics. Ian and Darby did it, guys, and you can to!

Repellants—The singer rolls good 'r's (ala Mike Rook) but except on 'Hotel' (where he sounds like Jello!) this stuff is well performed and average. Their name fits.

Killing Children—Did anyone bring some chips?

The Fetish—Can't imagin what these cats are doin on here. 'Before Not After' is pure (not-so-hot) pop, with a vocalist who sounds like Ubu's Dave Thomas, and some rinky-dink keyboard work. The instrumental 'Surf Bandits' sounds like the Ramones with sun-stroke. Sandy Nelson call home.

Mecht Mensh—Which is Spanish for 'pass the quacamole, pussface.'

The Gynecologist—'Infant Doe.' Now these guys prove that you can write a dumb song with dumb lyrics and still come up with a classic. This slice of maternity meat gets my vote for Garage Door Opener of the Year.

Zero Boys—MC5, Detroit, clean Stooges. It sounds like good old rocknroll! Wait, you don't suppose... nahh. I gotta get off this Ni-Quil.

Delinquents—Stop yawning!

Tar Babies—So this is the famous Tar Babies. Fine, now wheres the feathers?

Wasted Talent—Hey, none of that here!

Anyone who could write 'Not Anymore' is definately a friend of mine. (Can I borrow 5?)

The Anti-Bodies—Fuck it, this is getting depressing. Incorporating the best & worst of Latin Dogs these guys give me a migraine. But they're good. Confusing? Sure, but after 4 sides of death, deformed fetil, gay innuendo, and alotta rampant girl-hate, I NEED SOME FUN. So maybe I'll go deck the halls. Or suck some light bulbs. Bye now. —Dr. Dead Serious

INTERVIEW WITH THE SWOLLEN MEMBERS

I bribbed these guys into an interview by promising them a deep sea fishing trip on Gull Lake on Daddy's yacht, the S.S. James Watt. I tried to purchase a bunch of Molson's but they insisted on cases of Falstaff.

We cast off with some difficulty & I started the tape deck recording.

"So what kind of music do you guys listen to?"

"Fuck you. Yer a skinny Communist. Gimme another beer."

"But I don't even vote..."

"Yer a vegetarian intellectual. Lets go!"

I pull the throttle all the way out & kick Organic Gardening & The Village Voice out of sight. Tension runs high.

"I'm skinny but thats not my fault. I mean—"

Phlem Barker, lead singer, stalks to the end of the boat. The drummer, 'The Peeper', moves over & hooks a half a worm. He has the profile of Harry Belafonte.

"Don't stress-out. Phlem just has a attitude. He means well."

"Sure... So how do you guys get that awesome, damaged sound? Do you practice a lot?"

"Practice is a waste. Just buy better equipment. Thats the secret."

"I see. What do you think of the 'Straight Edge' movement? No drugs no beer no sex?"

"Yeah, well we do that when we're broke. But on Friday, when I get paid, I always buy sex. Its so much easier than a girl friend. Low maintenance, you know."

"Sure. What do you think of Wendy's hamburgers?"

"Lots of catsup & they taste o.k. But White Castle rules—"

Phlem sneaks up from behind & pushes me off the steering wheel. He takes over with reckless abandon. We roor up to an unsuspecting pontoon boat loaded with Moms & Dads out for cocktails. Phlem cuts the motor & we coast alongside them. He slaps lipstick all over his face & hangs over the keel.

"Hey! Do you know where you'r children are?" Horrified stares...

"I'm a fat slob & I don't even know my name! Hey! Wanna bite my lip? Lookit this—"

SPECIAL THANKS to Robert Bischoff & Dorothy

I start the boat & it stalls once. Twice. We speed off as Phlem exposes himself to the hapless public.

Thourgholy pleased with himself Phlem chugs another beer & tosses the empty overboard. He brings out a huge portable tape player & turns it all the way up. Olivis Newton John's Greatest Hits blare with the treble on max.

Bob, 'The Sub Man', joins the Peeper & I at the wheel. This cat plays guitar & lead feed-back.

He opens, "We would like to get Phlem on vitamin therapy. I feel he is a bit unbalanced because he eats no vegetables— nothing green. He has some chemical deficiency... We know he needs help."

At this point we are yelling in each others faces to be heard over the blarring, trebled-out hit, "I Wanna Get Physical." Olivia sounds like a ferret on amphetamines.

Me: "You mean he cats no vegetables at all?"

Bob: "Right. 'Cept for french fries. No milk. No water— nothing directly from the ground."

Me: "Yikes. What the heck does he eat?"

Bob: "Chicken Mscnuggets, Cool-Aid, government "frec" cheese, ham-bugers— nothing on 'em."

Me: "Gosh, no catsup?"

Both Bob & the Peeper dolefully shake their heads, "He hates tomatoes."

We all agree that Phlem is in need of counseling. His antics on stage indicate a troubled young man. Early gigs featured him throwing cigarette butts into the audience, ordering scotch on the rocks over the microphone & refusing to psy for it, ordering up a waitress to-go & refusing to pay for them. A portrait of a sociopath is emerging.

Me: "So, guys, what kind of long term goals do you see for you'r band?"

The Peeper: "We'd just like to play around town once in a while... Seems like we've alienated a lot of folks & no one wants us... Damn."

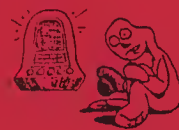
Bob: "Actually we'd like to get enough money together for group therapy. I'm o.k. yer o.k.— you know." "Sure."

Phlem totters unevenly in my direction. He stumbles & picks up his speed. His eyes are wild & red. He jerks the tiny recording microphone from my hand & screams into it "MOM." I deliberately whip the wheel 90 & he falls over in a heap spilling yet another beer. He crawls off toward the cooler, still clutching the microphone— ripped from its cord.

On that note I suggested we end the interview. Bob & The Peeper shake my hand & apologize for Phlem's behavior. Phlem yells from the cooler "Hey intellectual fag-bait! Are these yer clove cigarettes? HA HA I made you look!"

Yesh, they were mine.

Monitoring the
Airwaves.
WNWN



'And the race is on and it looks like heartaches, and the winner loses all...' that's the 'flat-topped singer with the tear in his voice, 'George Jones, and this is WNWN, country 98, beaming like shiney tomatoes at ya. So pull on yer boots, find yerself a weed (for chewin, fool) and lets GO!... 'Oh we're playin' Night Games, love at first sight games'... Charley Prides funk/try diamond and 'Peeper' Jordan's favc. Course thats cuz the Peep can't stand white people. Which is silly. He should be more like me and hate everybody. Hi, mom!... WHO ASKED DEPT: 'I'm only in it for the love.' Shit, I'll bet the bitch is loaded! Good

song though, Con, now will you please shave? ..Islands In The Stream-Now I hate to say anything good about Kenny 'I fucked Roy' Rogers, but hey, the twoof hurts. The SONG is a masterpiece; great music, nice (non-corney) love lyrics, and those cool 'uh huh's. Makes me twitch. Now if only we can get George & Tammy interested...and speakin of the big Tam, I just heard 'One of a Kind' and that songs like 7 years old, and the thing is THEY DON'T CARE. They don't even have a playlist. Its what they want when they want so what yer gettin here is alotta vintage produce. Shop early...The thing (one of 'em) is that you don't gotta wear a Stetson or eats grits everyday to get into this station. You tell me what 'The Boy Gets Around,' 'Bad Boys Do It Good,' and 'Night Games' have to do with country and I'll tell you who killed Paul....'What Am I Gonna Do For the Rest Of My Life?' Okay, okay, so I concede already! Merl Haggard IS George Jones' equal. Now leave me be and pass the bottle...Once inna while though, a boner does get pulled, thats when you hear John Denver and/or Willie 'Call Me Cloud Phlegm' Nelson. Now these zipless twits should be placed under glass and buried in the smelliest Ann Arbor landfill. And, just for fun, all their vivisected fans vivisected. Blades and bulldozers available at this address. Vrooom!...Oh oh, LOOK OUT! Wow, its 'Baby I Lied' and this junior knife-fight has an intro that maimes. This little Miss Debby Allen pleads like she means it. Lie to me, hon!...Oh shit, now its Dotty West. She's singing 'Flight 305', a song about parachuting beef cattle. An obvious Vega-Matic victim, this bimbo could kill a hard-on at 30 yards. Keep fishin.... What? 'Its All In the Game?' By Merl Haggard? Quick, wheres my Camp Judah brochure?...Yeah, yeah, now its Waylon Jennings slapping around Sam & Dave's 'Hold On I'm Comin.' Sorry Waylon, hit the landfill....'Goin Down Hill'-John Anderson is hot right now, as well he should be. George & Merl are probably shakin in their boots. Or sleeping. Huh?...Wait, wheres Johnny Rodriguez? And when can we expect Billy Sherills solo album? I'm just askin.... 'Howdy, folks, this here is Red Neckerson!' Yup, old dumb Red, spewer of that lovely yet not to busy chicken-breathed, sheep-dipped, bama-nigger logic. (no, it just sounds like Bob Talbert) Examples: 'Advocating the Banning of T.V. Sets In Bars,' 'People Who Ask Stupid Questions' (to Red any question is a stupid question) and the biggie, 'The Advantages of Being A Bad Sport' I mean, the man is an obvious genius and knows his heffers. (Speaking of which; when I first heard about their 'Hog Report' I thought it was a dating service for fatsos. Burp!) Send him your kids....and to put the icing on an already overly-cowpied cake, its Jim Glazer with 'The Man In The Mirror,' a song that puts this whole station into perspective: sad, beautiful, and drenched in libations. Not only is this good fuck music but its also great for stuffing turkeys, contemplating finding a job, or just plain cleaning the cat-box. Or chicken coop. Whatever I'm just waiting for 'Jingle Bell Rock.'

Tommy Bolin write your folks

doin alot of observin lately. Nighttime observin. With the binoculars. I guess ya call it voyeurin (thats what the porker called it anyhow), but-shit, I really get off on it. I like to stand on my porch and look in my neighbors windows and if the action's hot and heavy I like take Pinto out and let him have a look-see too -- ya know what I mean, well he likes to keep an EYE on the action too. So, like, I was driving west on I-80 and just after I pass the Iowa state line this car with Illinois plates passes me, I look over to check the scene and, uh, this babe's driving, the kid's in the back and old dad's waggin his semi-engorged unit at me. "Oh yeah" I says "Suck on this". I caught up to em and showed him what its all about. Just as his face was recoiling in what I like to think of as envy - the babe looks over, takes one gander at Pinto - Flips out - drives off the road and rolls the Chevy. Tough luck, babe thats the way it goes. Speakin of goes. I think I'll go get the binocs and see whats poppin. Later. Dick.

MUSIC NOTES FROM THE (S)MALL CITY

Well, its official, directly after the release of their promising debut E.P. the Slackers have called it quits. All 5 of their fans are contemplating suicide. Wish them luck...**BOB WOULD BE PROUD DEPT.** Ragg/rockers Able Bodies have finally finished their video, and just in time for the holidays! Can they now expect a phonecall from MTV? And more importantly, will Kev answer it? Food for thought...**MEMBERIES ARE MADE OF THIS?** Ricky Ball (formerly of Dick & the Balls, now with Violent Apathy) has been petitioned by the Swollen Members to beat bass at a few upcoming gigs. Only stipulation: **NO PRACTICE.** And did Dicky boy agree to do it? Fraid so. And you thought he had good taste.... And speakin of the Members, sources close to home have it that these soundsluts are planning a cassette-only release, 'Peace Thru Pornography,' that will include a new souped-up version of the infamous 'Operation On My Dick.' Good news, huh? Sure, just like 'No Smoking,' psychological impotency, and falling in love with your sister....Whats this I hear about a Pauline Johnson rap record and how soon can I get my passport?...**EATING CHOCOLATE CAKE IN A WHAT?** Be on guard for a brand new local mag, **THE BAG**, a zany romp thru blue & gold mass hysteria. Or something. From Portage with love...and lastly, kudos to Segment for their ??? gig poster, featuring Dorthy Lamour. Didn't she used to be married to a Smurf?

INTERVIEW WITH DAVE WOODS

I made reservations in advance & took the long road to the Big House on Oakland Drive. Dave was waiting for me on a naugahide sofa. We exchanged pleasantries & then I assumed my rock crit pose & started banging out searing questions of pressing social import. F.B.P. Dave, you got quite a rep around this area as one of da hottest guitar players ever. But actually most of you'r public appearances were as a bass player. How many bands have you played with? DAVE Beeeel donknow... But I only played guitar in one band- the first band- the best band- the only band I carred about... Really. F.B.P. Sure. Thats with your brother, Rich, on bass. I remember seeing you guys play at Portage Northern H.S. & thinking- DAVE In the cafeteria! We played in the lunch room! Hevvy. Yes it was. F.B.P. You used to practice in the closet while Rich played bass in

THE TAILS OF DICK ACTION

Dick Goes To The Movies

VOL. 2

HEY, ya know what I'm really wild about lately? No-not colonic therapy, this is even better.... ooohhh...every fiber of my being is tingling with throbbing, pulsating excitement. Just thinking about it - oh - the gates of heaven swing open to me. My first X-rated homo movie! 110 minutes of the hardest dick on the hoof to be found - explicit ramming, dripping, ecstatic butt fucking -- the kind of stuff dreams are made of. Oh yeah ... oh yeahhh, ohhh YEAH. Oh help - GOD GOD!! I think I see Jesus now (and ummm, ummm, yes please!) he's not bad looking oooooowwww -oh Sammy! oh Pardon me: I temporarily lost control of my manly sexual urges. **WET SHORTS.** That's the movie-hey That's my life. Well being the kinda guy that I now am, I say if ya can't do it- observe it, so I been



COMING NEXT ISH! Live coverage of Kalama-zoo's First Annual Rock-Star Party! Lesley Gore in Homage! Pigboy & Doc D examine the musical trends of 1983! The Karen Carpenter Diet Plan! Our trip to Ann Arbor! Gossip! Scandal! Intrigue!



AVOID HERPES

the basement. Care to comment? DAVE Mmm... technique. F.B.P. Rich went to Florida & is playing top 40, right? DAVE Well he sold my Marshall amps behind my back- yea he did- & I think thats why I ended up playing more bass. F.B.P. Well you got the Marshalls back didn't you? DAVE Not I just told you he sold them. I had to buy more. F.B.P. New? DAVE Used. F.B.P. Remember when we lived next door to each other in the 5th grade & went to Milwood Elementary? You had just moved from Oskland, California & we had just moved from Battle Creek- DAVE Michigan. F.B.P. My father had said that yer Dad was "living in an ivory tower." What does that mean? DAVE Oh... Dad. F.B.P. We used to go up to D&C & buy stuff like Yardbirds, Manfred Man, The Seeds- DAVE That was strong stuff. Yea it was. (He cups his hand over his mouth & turns his head slightly away. He speaks rapidly.) One girl. Tanna. Am I right? Tanna Wells gave you 'Paint It Black' by The Stones. Was she pretty or am I right? How do you get those girls? That was the most beautiful hair I have ever seen. What do you say to them? Or won't you tell me? O.k. O.k. F.B.P. It was puppy love, Dave. We were just kids. Theres lots of girls out there... DAVE How bout you'r sister- wheres she? F.B.P. At home. DAVE Can I move in? F.B.P. Well, o.k. (At this point Dave pulls out of his hip pocket one crumpled pack of smashed Kool extras longs & some flattened Camel non-filters. Obviously a versatile smoker. He takes a Kool but dosen't light it. Durring the course of our conversation he completely mutilates it with his rapid hand movements.) F.B.P. We used to play with Army men a lot back in those days. We had grocery bags full of them & a war could take several days to complete. DAVE & that guy down the street would come over with his Weirde models & wipe out entire battalions. Divisions. Squads. Whole armies at a time. Oh man. That hurt- F.B.P. Hamburger Hill. DAVE Big Daddy Roth. F.B.P. I am a rock.



DAVE I am a island. F.B.P. Base ball cards. DAVE Bazooka flavored bubble gum. F.B.P. So thats why they called it the "Bubble gum era". Did the Archies influence you much? DAVE (Makes face like he just sucked a lemon.) Black Sabbath. Am-boy Dukes. Stooges. MC 5. Next time you see Fred Smith say "Hey" for me. F.B.P. Sure. How about Hendrix- you've been compared to him. DAVE He's dead. F.B.P. Right. Have you been to Ann Arbor lately? (Long discussion on pin-ball alleys in Tree Town. Daves hot now. F.B.P. Last winter you told me you were eating only peanut butter & beer. How'd that turn out? DAVE Thats ridiculous. The fumes from peanut butter are poisin. Thats right. I wouldn't lie to ya. Those Marshall stacks can equalize anything. F.B.P. You mean, like- DAVE Anything. You can borrow em if you want. Overnight. F.B.P. But I don't even play-

DAVE You'd have to fix em, though. Speakers need cones. Theres no cones in the speakers. Thats right. I wouldn't lie to ya. Yea it is. F.B.P. Dave, you'r gotta be one of the best dressed dudes in town. Pointy black boots. Silk camisole under paisley shirt. Thick belt with huge buckle. But I must ask why are you'r pants so short? Are you expecting a flood or what?



In the course of the conversation you went to this table of strangers & started talking to

F.B.P. I just wanna touch on this one legendary incident that took place in a bar in Marcellus. You'r hand was playing thers & between

DAVE What.

version you guessed her name, age, & phone number. Everyone that witnessed it was amazed. Do you have psychic powers?

DAVE Yeah. I get phone calls in my head. That girl was meant for me. (Dave sits so low in the sofa that he's resting on his back. He crosses his legs & stares at the ceiling. "Do you know me?")

F.B.P. You look kinda down...

DAVE She got away.

F.B.P. Darn! The butler did it.

DAVE ... Huh?

F.B.P. Nothing... The last band you played with was called "Hot Ice". You walked out in the middle of a one week stand at Big Daddy's & hitch hiked to Kentucky with only your bass guitar. Didn't you feel guilty about not giving the band any advance notice?

DAVE (Squints at me & crushes his cigarette in the palm of his hand.) Kevin Gard was in that band!!

F.B.P. That explains it.

words by- Dave Woods.

amps by- Marshall.

AUTO MAKER

I'm not your auto maker
I leave my cards on
dormitory labortory
walls

so tell, Detroit
tell, Detroit
tell, Detroit

to suck the cream of a
purple german pussy,
boysenberry yogart whip

circles and all
can you dig it
can you dig it

well, maybe you can dig
some hot strap welts
on your back

on your back
get on your back
we'll have a look-

a- like contest
wear long matching
gowns

But the hot and cold
rubber bands are
for both of us

one for me, one for you
one for me, this ones for you
Baby.

PLEASE STAND BY VOL.1
Hippies On Wall Street

IS THIS LOVE

(or just the obligatory Mambo?)

Naturally, being the cynical dude I am, I should have expected this. I'm layed off, watchin' a lotta T.V., pretty much totally hooked on 'As The World Turns' when all of a sudden it clicks in--one of my fave songs from THOSE DAYS (I will not say the '60's), the Mamas & the Papas hit 'Dedicated to the One I Love.' Smiling, I look up from my mirror and find out it's a Nutri-Grain Cereal commercial! Oh, I thought, how utterly quaint. Maybe it's the drugs, right? No such luck. The very next commercial (Betsy was in labor) was gonna those all-exotic blackish perfume deals, and in comes the swooshing 'Here Comes the Night', the old (60's) Them single. Well, maybe it wasn't Them but it was gonna them there amalgamatio. Anyway, it got me thinkin' about how although I'm almost 30 and unemployed, a drop-out and a druggie with probably no future MOST of my contemporaries are doing a little better and are in some positions of some kind of vauge and ever-wandering power. Heads of corporations, business owners, professional hairdresser And hey, we were (are?) the first childre of rocknroll: the first to share babyhood with that big guitar-wielding monster. We were permeated with it, or maybe, and more accurately, infected with it. All day long, the Supremes, the ROLLING Stones, & Led Zepplin, Motown, Jefferson AIRPLANE, Lesley Gore, Percy Sledge, the Chiffons,

Gene Pitney, Roy Orbison, Electric Prunes, the Amboy Dukes, and AND! THATS why 60's folks are so self-rightous. Of course, thats no reason to be self-rightous about it. All those pathetic 60's hold-outs (calling Jackson Browne!) remind me of those old coots who are always saying 'they don't write 'em like they used to!' Right, they don't, BUT WHY THE HELL SHOULD THEY? I mean, hey, just go back to bed why don't ya? But anyway it went on: right after Steve Andropolis realized why Betsy was squeezing the floor up came a Frito Cheeze Balla commercial. An old woman is having a bumper eating her brand of cheeze snack when a little potential-fox runs up and crys 'Good Golly, Miss Molly, whata the matter?' Good Golly, Miss Molly? Sheesh, one of Little Richards 1st big hits. I mean, talk about no respect! And then, just as I was about to file charges for memory murder, along comes MacDonaldis entree into the morass of musical mutilation: they start out with 'Leader of the Pack' by the Shangrai La's, work in 'Time Won't Let Me' by I'm not sure, and end the mess with 'Run, don't walk, to Macdonaldis!' 'Walk Don't Run' was a big hit for the (I think) Ventures, and again, from THOSE DAYS. But hey, there is hope. Right after 'The World Turns' comes 'Capitol' (a good show about politics, intrigue, and big tits) and my new hero, Geordy Clegg (a Eddie Haskell for the 80's), flicks on the stereo and on comes, what?, the Dead KENNEDYS?? No shit? Okay, so maybe somebody out there in T.V. land is still alive. But like I said, it could be the drugs. Stay tuned.

PIG BOY'S RECORD CORRAL

SCOOTER & THE WORMS Nice Nights

One rock crit on the Eastern side of the state labelled these guys an "anarchist band". I agree only in that they fit no neat category. While their original material is fast & hard & they occasionally reach the threshold of thrash--they can't be accused of being hard core. Sometimes they wallow in power pop but sufferin' succotash I hats lables so I guess they srcn't generic tofu, either.

Nice Night is a 4 minute mid-tempo rocker that snakes & skates along with freaky feed-back & knowing vocals. The drums are well measured & the whole thing segues into an instrumental ending that features a 'Chapman Stick' that sounds like a wide, full, bassed-out harpsichord. This song has a great tone & should be a dance hit somewhere & dare I say that this tune borders on even being pretty? Yep.

The B-side of this rec goes for a frontal body slam attack & that means rock&roll to you. These guys write excellent songs. They hold some kind of a monopoly 'round here for writting enigmatic, fun, & downright goofy lyrics. 'Searching Sister's Room' features the following insights, "I know I'll find a bra/ Searching Sister's room/ Stained panties & more/ Searching Sister's room/ Lookin for material/ Maybe find some photos/ I hope I find a dildo-" I know I can relate to that... However, there are a few bones to pick here. The drummer is full of piss & vinegar but he over-emphasizes with too much cymbal abuse. & due to the velocity of this material the guitar sound lacks the dirty filthy crunch I'd like to hear. Call it dynamics if you wish, I call it dweezel.

The third & last song, 'Meas', is obviously the story of the singers life... This thing is fast, bombing, & theres a great guitar peel-out near the end.

This record is well recorded & is a good effort. Buy it & support intellectual rock.

STRANGE FRUIT Abiku

A fab thumbs up on this creaking snakes charmer record. Lovely vocals by The Girl From Ipanema. She sounds far away & beckoning like a Siren calling you into the water. Singing/mono-chanting, "Blood dripping from you... From the tomb..." the guitar ticks like a slow pendulum, the bass farts along with a serious gas attack, & the drummer (who has been bricked into the wall) rages.

This stuff crawls like slow dark water & that Mermaid calls from The Deep... I wink but she don't reply. I hafta listen to both sides at each playing & I suggest that you listen on your back, on the floor, lights out. Don't care what ya hafta do to get there, although some have suggested that LSD is making a come-back... I keep my phone off the hook these days.

THE STATE

No Illusions E.P.

Serious readers or those with much of a memory left will remember the rave-up I gave those guys for their live performance this past summer--& the same 'ting goes for this rec. Put simply: The State burn rubber with outstanding heavy metal power. The guitar sound on here is brilliant, this Art Tandler cat plays with the intensity of a felony. The band follow with lock-step precision & I wonder why my stereo speakers are blown...

Now for the bad news: the words to their songs blow chunks the size of biscuits. Song titles "New Right", "Subvert", "Hard Line", & "Police State" tell the whole story: these boys are down. Its all gloom, doom, & shit on the shoes. I know its hard to catch the bus on time but CHRIST! this is ri-dic-u-lous.

"No Illusions" starts out telling us--
"There is no God
There is no fate
There is no love
There's only waste
Pretty soon I'll be dead
My whole life exploited"

Geszl! I hate waiting in line for Free-Cheese, too, but...

"You must learn
To criticize
You must learn
Pre-emptive strike"

O.K., if you say so-- but can I make a phone call first?

"Freedom is a fucking myth
We're all living in a jail
There's no justice
Just law"

Damn those parking tickets!!

Dominate words here are "waste, chaos, toil, void, grave, guts, rule, Hell, bullet, dead". C'mon guys, gimme a break. People have to wait in line for kailbasa in Poland. Heck, they even ration the TOILET PAPER. We know theres lots of injustice & bad apples in life but don't ya ever have a nice day? These lyrics offer no relief from the monotony or no suggestions for a greener lawn. Be A Part Of The Solution Or A Part Of The Problem. Make Friends & Influence People. Lighten Up.

& the best (musically) song on here, "Girl Violence", is the only song that's not included on the lyric sheet. Its about a guy who gets attemped into the floor by a Woman's Libber. Sounds like fun but I think I'll sit this one out. Thanx anyway.

Its like my Mom said about these guys "If their so pissed-off why don't they just shoot themselves & get it over with?" Mother knows best.

STATE
NO ILLUSIONS

STATE
NO ILLUSIONS
GALAXY GROOVER